I runne before King Harries victorie,
Who in a bloudy field by Shrewsbury,
Hath beaten downe yong Hot-ſpurre and his troopes,
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion,
Euen with the rebels bloud. But what meane I
To ſpeake ſo true at firſt? my office is
To noyſe abroad, that Harry Monmouth fell
Vnder the wrath of noble Hot-ſpurs ſword,
And that the King before the Douglas rage,
Stoopt his annointed head as low as death.
This haue I rumour'd through the peaſant townes,
Betweene that royall field of Shrewsbury,
And this worme-eaten hole of ragged ſtone,
When Hot-ſpurs father old Northumberland
Lies crafty ſicke, the poſtes come tyring on,
And not a man of them brings other newes,
Than they haue learnt of me, from Rumors tongues,
They bring ſmooth comforts falſe, worſe then true wrongs.

exit Rumours.

Enter the Lord Bardolfe at one doore.

Bard. Who keepes the gate here ho? where is the Earle?

Porter What ſhall I ſay you are?

Bard. Tell thou the Earle,
That the Lord Bardolfe doth attend him heere.

Porter His Lordſhip is walkt forth into the orchard,
Pleaſe it your honor knocke but at the gate,
And he himſelfe will anſwer. *enter the Earle Northumberland.*

Bard. Here comes the Earle.

Earle. What newes Lord Bardolfe? euery minute now
Should be the father of ſome Stratagem,
The times are wild, contention like a horſe,
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke looſe,
And beares downe all before him.

Bard. Noble Earle,
I bring you certaine newes from Shrewsbury.

Earle Good, and God will.

Bard. As good as heart can wiſh:
The King is almoſt wounded to the death,
And in the fortune of my Lord your ſonne,
Prince Harry ſlaine outright, and both the Blunts
Kild by the hand of Dowglas, yong prince Iohn,
And Weſtmerland and Stafford fled the field,
And Harry Monmouthes brawne, the hulke ſir Iohn,
Is priſoner to your ſonne: O ſuch a day!
So fought, ſo followed, and ſo fairely wonne,
Came not till now to dignifie the times
Since Cæſars fortunes.

Earle How is this deriu'd?
Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?

Bar. I ſpake with one, my lord, that came from thence, *enter*
A gentleman well bred, and of good name, *Trauers.*
That freely rendred me theſe newes for true.

Earle Here comes my ſeruant Trauers who I ſent
On tueſday laſt to liſten after newes.

Bar. My lord, I ouer-rode him on the way,
And he is furniſht with no certainties,
More then he haply may retale from me.

Earle Now Trauers, what good tidings comes with you?

Trauers My lord, ſir Iohn Vmfreuile turnd me backe
With ioyfull tidings, and being better horſt,
Out rode me, after him came ſpurring hard,
A gentleman almoſt foreſpent with ſpeede,
That ſtopt by me to breathe his bloudied horſe,
He askt the way to Cheſter, and of him
I did demand what newes from Shrewsbury,
He told me that rebellion had bad lucke,
And that yong Harrie Percies ſpur was cold:
With that he gaue his able horſe the head,
And bending forward, ſtrooke his armed heeles,
Againſt the panting ſides of his poore iade,
Vp to the rowell head, and ſtarting ſo,
He ſeem'd in running to deuoure the way,